

Amends by TheDinosaurNerd

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Mike and max being friends for once, also they're all traumatized, because the world needs this

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Sam Owens (Stranger Things), Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-20

Updated: 2017-11-20

Packaged: 2022-04-03 04:54:10

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 673

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Mike has a much-needed talk with Max after the gate is closed.

Amends

It was late. Traces of moonlight filtered in through the windows. The Byers household was silent, except for the quiet sound of breathing.

After the gate was closed, Hopper had dropped El off at the Byers house and gone back to Hawkins National to take Doc Owens to a hospital. He hadn't come back yet. Most of the kids were sleeping on the living room floor, having given El the couch. Will, Joyce, and Jonathan were in Will's room. Steve was with the kids while Nancy had taken Jonathan's room.

At the moment, the only person who didn't appear to be asleep was Max, who was sitting at the dining room table. She sat in silence, contemplating how her life had completely changed in, like, a day. For one, there was the whole 'interdimensional hell-monsters' thing. Then there was the fact that she and Lucas were kind of a thing now.

A sound from a few feet away had her whipping her head around in surprise, still on edge.

She was not expecting to see Mike Wheeler standing there, of all people. He gave her a wave that somehow managed to be as awkward and dorky as he himself was.

"Mind if I sit down?" he whispered.

Max shrugged.

Mike pulled out a chair across from her and took a seat. They were both silent for a moment, before Mike spoke up.

"We need to talk."

"Oh really? And here I thought you were trying to avoid me or something."

"Dammit, Max, I'm trying to be sincere here."

Max sighed. She'd have to hear him out on this one. "Alright. Fine. What do you have to say?"

Mike looked up at the ceiling, then back down at her.

"Look, I've been an asshole all week. Or, wait, has it even been a whole week? Nevermind, it doesn't matter. The point is, I've been a real wastoid."

"No shit."

"-and I'm sorry."

Max sighed again. She hadn't been expecting this to happen.

"What's with the sudden change of heart?" she asked.

Mike shrugged and looked back to the couch, where El was fast asleep.

"I just guess that, while she was gone, I was... different. Than I used to be. And now that she's back, it's like-"

"Like you can go back to being yourself."

"Yeah. Exactly. How did you know that?"

"Well, I've spent so much time pretending not to care about other people, y'know? Cause of Billy. I guess that's why I was so desperate to get in with you guys. I could just be myself."

Mike nodded. It was quiet again, but he preferred it that way. The silence was a reminder that they weren't all about to be ripped to shreds.

"El's sorry too," he said.

"What?"

"She mentioned it before she fell asleep. Don't know what she's talking about. She said you'd understand."

Max nodded. "I'll explain later."

"Good. Well, now that that's settled, I don't think anyone would object to you being in the party."

"What, really?"

"Yeah." He smiled awkwardly at her. "One of the rules we have is that if two party members get in a fight, the person who drew first blood has to shake the other person's hand to make amends." He reached his arm across the table.

Max rolled her eyes and shook his hand. "This better not turn out to be some kind of cult or something."

"No, it totally is. We have this ritual where we sacrifice hundreds of pounds of candy to our stomachs every Halloween."

She chuckled at that. Max had to admit, it was nice to see Mike happy for once.

Mike stood up. "I'm gonna try and get some sleep. You should, too."

"Wheeler, I am probably never going to sleep again. I've been traumatized, you see," she said, smirking. Mike let out something between a chuckle and a sigh before stumbling across the room to sit next to the couch, as close to El as possible. Max could tell that he fell asleep instantly.

"Night, shithead."

Author's Note:

This needed to happen.

Comments are welcome.